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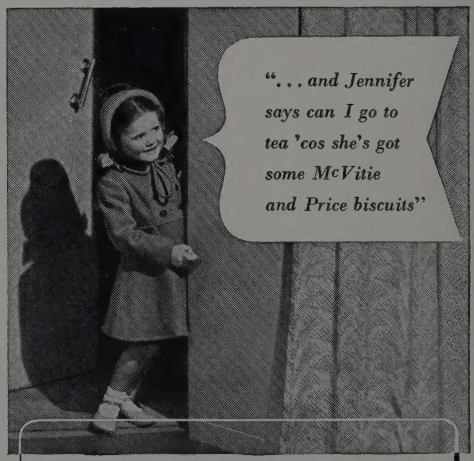

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The Oasis of Siwa

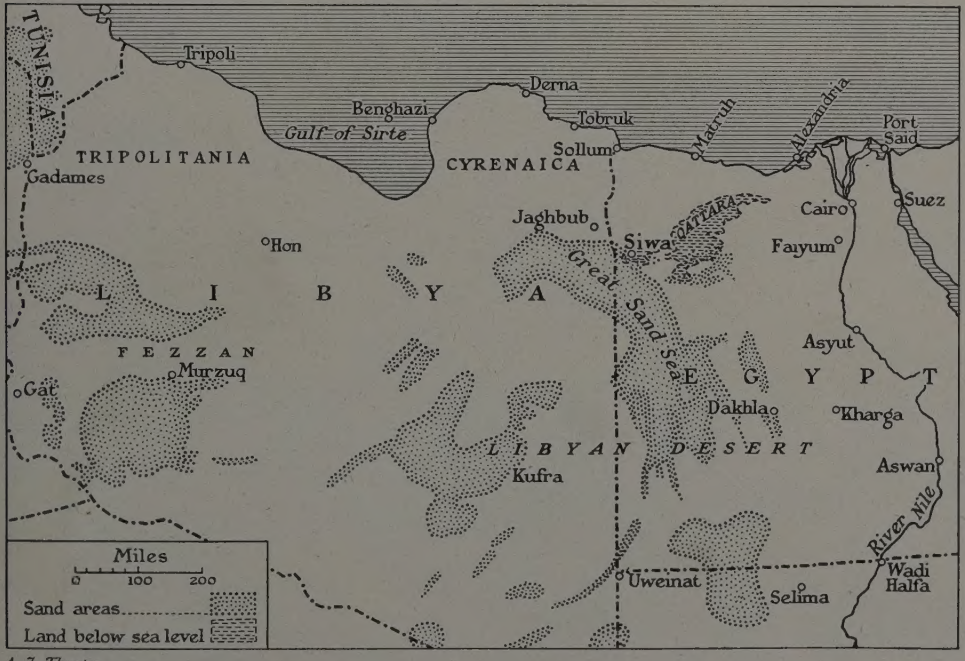
by W. B. KENNEDY SHAW

Major Kennedy Shaw took part in various explorations in the Libyan Desert between 1927 and 1935 and was awarded the Gill Memorial of the Royal Geographical Society in 1934. He was for three years Intelligence Officer of the Long Range Desert Group which had its base for a time at Siwa

EVEN for late spring in Egypt it was hot that year. It was 1935 and we, four of us in three cars—Harding Newman, McEuen, Mason and I—were on the last lap of our journey which had started from Cairo 78 days and 5500 miles before. This lap itself had begun at 'Uweinat, 500 miles away to the south and on the other side of the Great Sand Sea which is about the size of Ireland, and we were nearly at the end of the first direct south-north crossing of the Sea ever made: Clayton had crossed it from east to west in 1933. For five days we had been 'unsticking' our cars from bogs of liquid sand or, more happily, making good going along the wide 'corridors' of the Sand Sea where the dune crests tower hundreds of feet above the valley bottoms. By midday we were within ten miles of our goal and those miles were among the most difficult of the journey. For hours we had worked out, mostly on foot, a route for the cars among the tangled mass of dunes. Finally we topped the last ridge of sand and looked down—onto Siwa.

In the course of seventeen years' intermittent travel in the Libyan Desert I have, I think, been to every oasis in it. They vary from places like Selima, nothing more than a small, uninhabited water-hole with a few hundred palms, to Dakhla with its 20,000 inhabitants. All qualify in varying degree for the dictionary definition—"Oasis: fertile spot in a desert"; all have one thing in common—that unforgettable smell of sulphur and salt-marsh and decaying vegetation; all mean one thing to the traveller—unlimited water, and one must journey for many days on a ration of five pints a day for all purposes, of which washing will not be one, to appreciate what that is worth. And for me Siwa was the best of them all.

All the oases in the Libyan Desert lie at the southern foot of an east-west escarpment in a depression scooped out of the desert



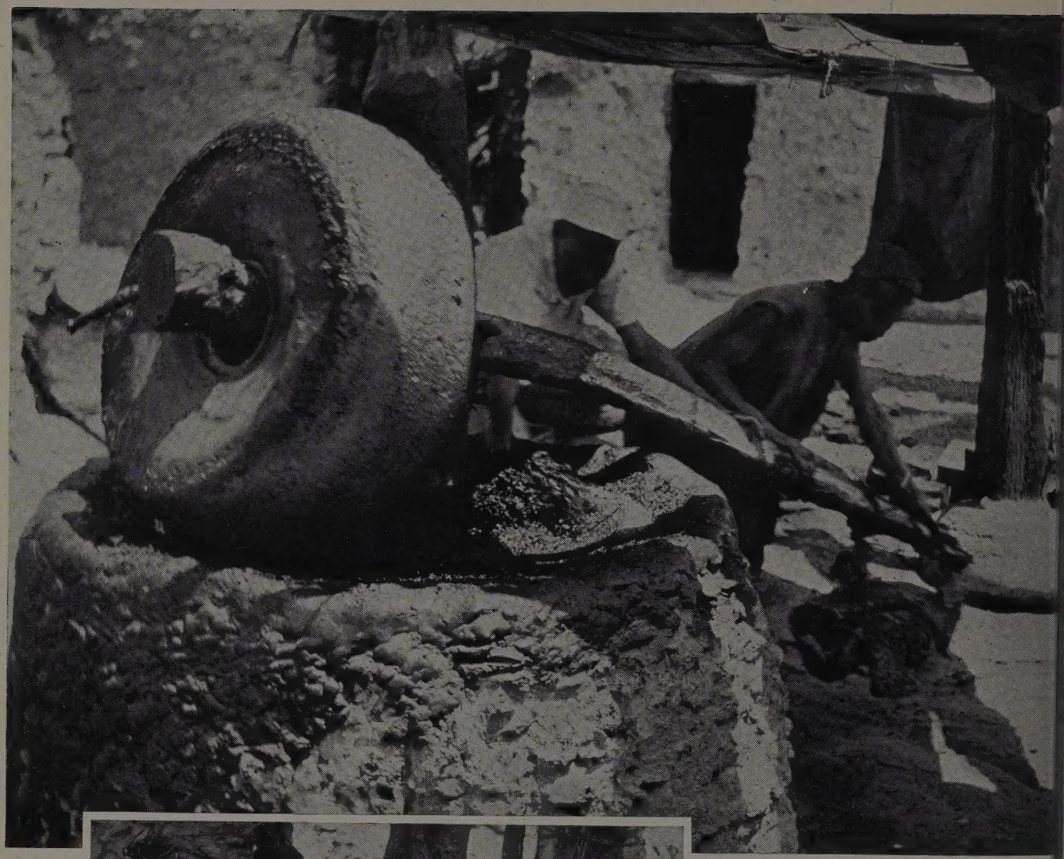
A. J. Thornton

All photographs by A. F. Kersting

(Above) "*Finally we topped the last ridge of sand and looked down—onto Siwa.*" *A bird's-eye view of the Oasis; at one time famous for its oracle, consulted by Alexander the Great, and nowadays renowned for its dates.* (Below) *The decrepit honeycomb of old Siwa town, now deserted, from the minaret of its mosque*

The mosque in the old town of Siwa is the only building still used. For centuries mud houses had been built on one another, until the town became one vast mud beehive, whose crumbling houses made life precarious. Twenty years ago the Egyptian Government decided to build a new Siwa of mud and stone at the foot of the old mound and the inhabitants moved into it

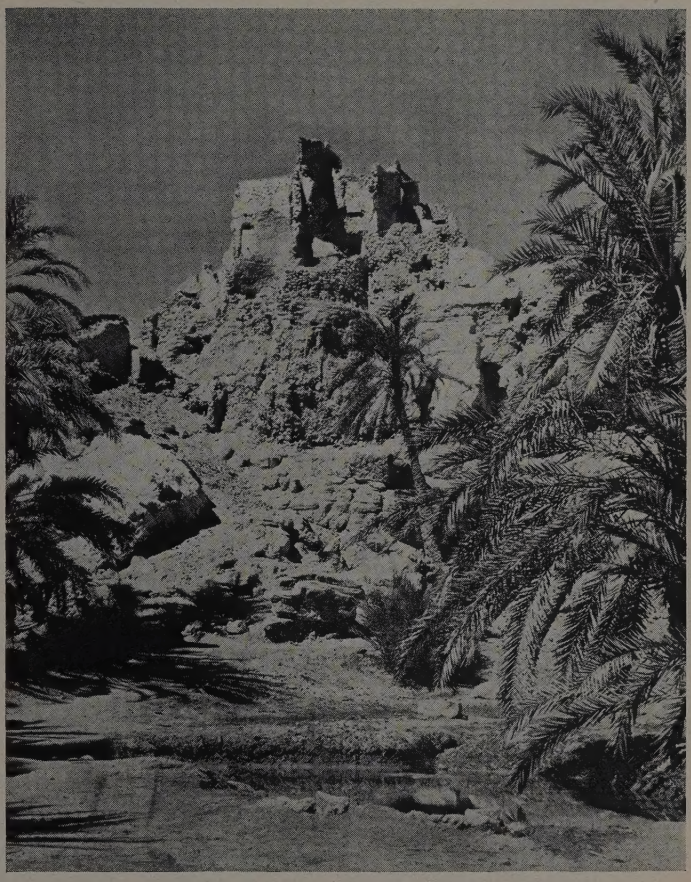
Ain Tamousi, where Siwan brides bathe on their wedding-eve, is one of "the artesian wells which are the joy of Siwa". Whilst the total absence of rain means that houses can safely be built of mud, it also means that the wells are the only source of water. Their replenishment is attributed to a layer of sand-stone sandwiched between impermeable rocks, by which copious rain that falls 1500 miles to the south is conducted to them



Though famous for its dates, Siwa also boasts limes, pomegranates, grapes and olives. In the shadow of old Aghourmi the manufacture of olive oil follows a fashion prescribed by immemorial usage. The olives are crushed by stone presses adjusted by a counterweight at the end of the lever, and the oil drains off into a tin at the side. The solidified pulp is removed and broken up in the round tin basin, after which it returns to the press to yield up the very last ounce of oil

floor. That April evening we looked down over a trough ten miles wide and in places below sea level, which stretches interruptedly from the Qattara Depression in the east to Jaghbub in the west. Siwa proper is made up of the villages of Siwa and Aghourmi, surrounded by palm groves, blue salt-lakes and salt-marsh with patches of desert and flat-topped hills between.

Though Siwa was connected with ancient Egypt at least as far back as the 16th century B.C., it was in the second half of the first millenium B.C. that it became known to the outside world owing to the fame of the oracle of the Temple of Ammon which the Egyptians had taken over, probably from some earlier local deity, and identified with their own god of the same name. From all parts of the Near East people travelled to Siwa to consult the oracle, which reached the summit of its reputation as the result of a visit by Alexander the Great in 331 B.C. Some remains of the Temple of Jupiter Ammon still lie under the modern village of Aghourmi. Two centuries later the oracle was dumb and in disrepute, and by Roman times Siwa had become a place of exile for political prisoners and troublesome Christians, of whose religion a few traces still remain.



Even more deserted than the old town of Siwa is the town of Aghourmi. Within it lie the remains—large stones with hieroglyphic inscriptions—of the temple of Jupiter Ammon

The Arab invasions of North Africa in the 7th and 11th centuries A.D. naturally followed the Mediterranean coast and, apart from occasional raids to the oasis, in one of which the inhabitants were converted to Islam, left little mark on Siwa. As a result its people have preserved the language of the pre-Arab Berber population of North Africa of whose stock they originally came.

Siwa remained more or less independent of the outside world during the rest of the period of Arab rule in Egypt, until it was finally occupied by the Turks at the beginning of the 19th century, and since then has been under the direct if remote control of the Egyptian government of the time.

In the middle of the 19th century the influence of the Senussi first began to be felt in Siwa and this was much increased after the death and burial at Jaghbub, only eighty miles to the west, of Mohammed ibn Ali es Senussi, the founder of the sect, whose tomb became a place of pilgrimage. The Senussi had supported the Turks in their resistance to the Italian invasion of Libya in 1911 and thus on the outbreak of the first World War became more or less automatically the enemies of Britain, herself an ally of Italy. After their defeat near Matruh early in 1916 the Senussi retreated to Siwa whence they were finally ejected in 1917 by a force of British armoured cars operating from Sollum on the coast, and the oasis was for a time the base of the Light Car Patrols, the forerunners of the Long Range Desert Group of the second World War. Between the wars the Arabs of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica had con-

A hair-style reminiscent of ancient Egypt sets off the features, more Berber than Arab, of this Siwan girl

tinued their resistance to Italian penetration, and in the second World War they became the firm allies of the British, a situation culminating in the recent recognition of Sayed Idris es Senussi as ruler of Cyrenaica.

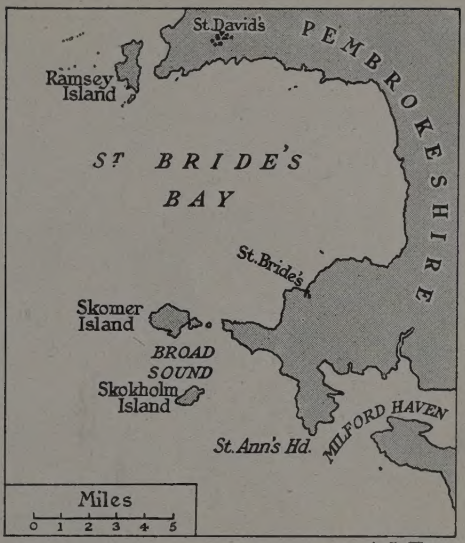
At first sight Siwa town reminds one of St Michael's Mount, an ascending jumble of houses built on one of those conical hills which are typical of the desert landscape. The house-walls are made of a mixture of mud and salt, effective in a rainless climate, piled up on one another or on the ruins of earlier buildings from foot to summit of the hill. In former times, for greater security from attack, the houses were confined to the hill sides, but with the increase in public security people began to build on the flat ground at its foot or in the palm groves, and now many of the upper houses are in ruins.

The wealth of Siwa is in its dates which are considered the best in Egypt, perhaps the best in Africa, and thousands of tons are exported to the Nile Valley each year. The date palm in fact supplies almost all simple human needs—food for men and animals, palm wine, fuel, building timber, leaves for thatch, baskets, mats, sandals and fibre for ropes. Palms in turn depend upon irrigation from the artesian wells which are the joy of Siwa. The water, clear, warm and sparkling, rises into palm-fringed basins many yards wide. These are filled from water coming from natural fissures in the rock or from artificial boreholes, some lined with wooden pipes of great age, which tap the underlying sandstone strata. As it never rains in Siwa and as the nearest regular rainfall, and that no more than 8-12 inches, is on the Mediterranean coastal strip 200 miles away to the north, the origin of these abundant water supplies is at first sight a mystery. The most acceptable theory at present is that the Libyan Desert is underlain by water-bearing sandstone strata, sandwiched between impermeable beds of other rocks, which receive the rainfall of the North-Western Sudan and of French Equatorial Africa and conduct it northwards, the water coming to the surface wherever the original desert floor has been eroded down sufficiently for the water to rise under pressure to ground level.

In the first World War Siwa had been a base for the Light Car Patrols: in the second it served a similar purpose for the Long Range Desert Group. The disadvantages of an immensely long line of communication were easily outweighed by the possession of a base far out in the desert with abundant water and good cover and virtually secure from enemy attack, for the Axis Powers had neither the transport nor the experience to mount a raid on a point so far from the coast. All the summer and autumn of 1941 and for the first five months of 1942 patrols of the L.R.D.G. were going out from Siwa into enemy territory, hundreds of miles behind the nominal 'front', on raids, reconnaissance, picking up stranded airmen, dropping agents in Cyrenaica and carrying Special Air Service Troops to attack enemy airfields. The retreat to Alamein left Siwa too much outflanked and it had to be evacuated and the subsequent advance in the autumn of 1942 swept too rapidly past the oasis to make use of it, but by then new bases at Kufra and Hon, even further into the heart of the Libyan Desert, were in use from which the same units operated ahead of the Eighth Army until final victory in Tunis.

Angles on Skomer

by GEOFFREY CORY-WRIGHT



A. J. Thornton

THE island of Skomer, which lies off the coast of Pembrokeshire, is a high undulating table-land, with its sides rising sheer from the sea. It possesses an unimaginable wealth of wild bird life, ranging from many of the commoner species to some of the rarest to be found in the British Isles, and many rare wild flowers.

As one climbs the zigzag turf-covered path and reaches the high ground, the island presents a mass of angles, varying through every degree from the vertical walls to the horizontal top, and each different angle seems to encourage flora and fauna peculiar to itself. The Guillemots, Lichens and Pennyworts choose the upright rock-faces, the Manx Shearwaters and Bluebells the level ground, while in between, as a half-way house, are the breeding-slopes of the colonies of Puffins among the tufts of pink Thrift.

It is usual to associate Bluebells with woods; but on Skomer there is not a single tree. The nearest approach to one are a few scattered thorn-bushes which only survive the winter gales under the protection of sheltering rocks. Looking into any of these stunted shrubs, where normally one might expect to see no more than a Blackbird's nest, it comes as something of a shock to find oneself peering at the nest and eggs of a Carrion Crow waist-high from the ground.

In spite of the absence of woodland, however, Bluebells not only flourish, but grow in such abundance that the table-land is a sea of blue, often well on into June. At this time of year the whole island, from end to end, is a blaze of colour, blue predominating, but edged with a broad border of the pink of Sea Thrift, and where a few marshes lie, dappled with the gold of yellow Irises.

The air is alive with birds, like thick clouds of mosquitoes. Most numerous are the Puffins, which are everywhere about the island. Vast quantities can be seen afloat on the water, like the merest specks, as one looks down on them vertically from a height of several hundred feet; others, packed closely together in long lines, fringe the Thrift-covered edges of the cliffs, giving the impression of black-and-white speckled flotsam, left high and dry by some gigantic tide; and between the two there is continual coming and going.

Standing or sitting on a rock the Puffin has the oddest appearance. The black wings and back, white belly and yellow legs with webbed feet are what might be expected of a bird that spends most of its life at sea; but it is the deep, highly-coloured, powerful-looking hooked bill, the large flat clown-like white cheeks, and in particular the strangely raised eyebrows, giving it a look of perpetual gloomy surprise, which make it one of the most fantastic of birds.

The nests, which are in colonies on the more gentle slopes of the high ground, are burrowed in the soft peaty soil; and the single white egg, almost the size of a chicken's, is laid with little or no nesting material a foot or two inside the entrance.

In spite of the incongruous expression of their faces, the parent birds take their domestic duties seriously enough. It is amusing to watch one arrive at a burrow after a fishing expedition, its bill loaded to the full with small fry, each fish laid neatly across the bill, with tails hanging out one side and heads the other.

One may well wonder why a Puffin does not lose one fish while catching the next: the answer is that inside the bill are a number of serrations turned backwards, which enable fresh catches to be made without releasing the earlier one. Feeding young is a hard business

Kodachromes and photographs by the author

(Above) *The Puffin colonies are one of the most striking features of Skomer. They are not particularly shy birds, and with some patience and caution it is possible to approach to within a few yards of them.*
(Below) *Colonel Blimp returns to Mrs B. with a billful of fresh fish, neatly arranged for her inspection.*

(Left) *When landing against a strong wind the Puffin is seen with wings and webbed feet extended to the full in a braking action, before dropping down beside its burrow. At times the speed of its flight as it dives from the edge of a precipitous cliff gives it the appearance of a beautifully streamlined miniature torpedo*

A Thrift-covered slope such as the Puffins choose for their burrow-colonies

anyhow, but it would be harder still if each small whitebait were to require a separate journey between the sea and the nestling.

Wherever loose rocks afford protective angles there may be found Razorbills nesting. They are rather less confiding than Puffins, but more so than Guillemots, which at a distance they somewhat resemble, although on closer inspection the Razorbills' dark plumage is seen to be pure black, that of the Guillemots being a dark chocolate brown.

The Guillemots, which probably nearly equal the Razorbills in numbers, are distinctly a more exclusive species, if only for the very good reason that for nesting sites they confine themselves to the ledges which traverse the high perpendicular cliffs, and are consequently less likely to suffer from any form of human disturbance. On the other hand their eggs are exposed to all the elements, and in a gale of wind it is a pathetic sight to see the birds doing their utmost with their feet to prevent an egg rolling off a narrow sloping ledge; and a minor tragedy when their efforts do not succeed, and the egg plunges hundreds of feet below into the sea. The destruction of eggs would be greater but for their peculiar shape, long and pointed like a child's top, which enables them to roll round in quite a small circle when hit by a gust of wind.

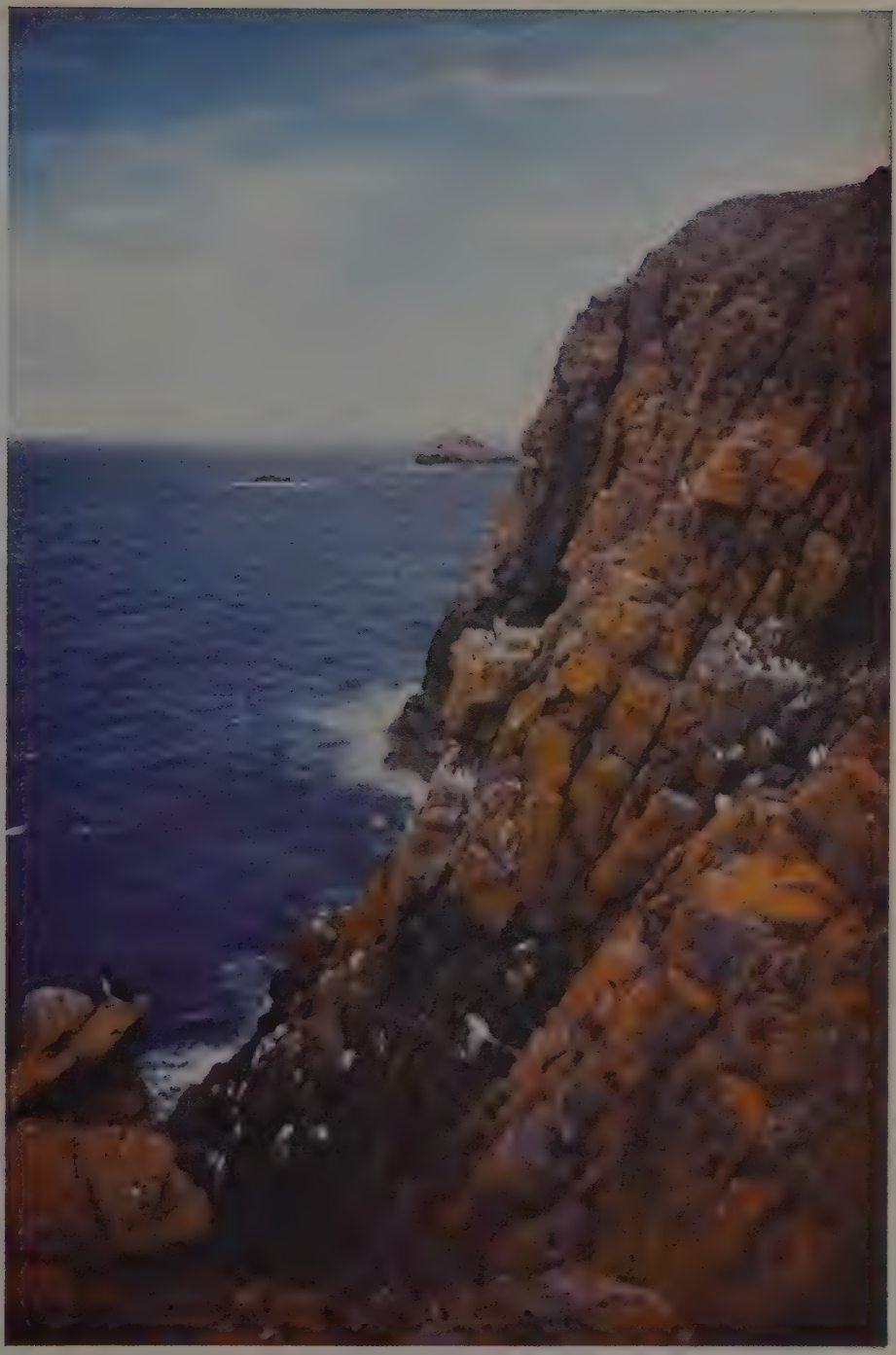
Of the gulls, Kittiwake, Herring, Great and Lesser Black-backed Gulls all breed on Skomer; but by far the most attractive of these, on account of their easier flight and altogether more graceful ways, are the Kittiwakes. Like the Guillemots they prefer greater seclusion for their nests, which are built on the upright rock walls just out of reach of the waves below them, and out of view also from the overhanging rocks above.

The slightest projection from the surface of the rocks seems to serve as the basis for a mud-like platform on which the flimsy nest of seaweed is built, and in which one or two eggs

Razorbills' plumage is pure black and white, and their bills, as the name implies, are extremely narrow and deep, being marked with vertical white stripes. They favour any high broken rocks which overlook the sea and on these eminences they congregate. When disturbed, they dive seawards en masse, *returning one by one to the same rocks which they had left as their suspicions of an intruder are overcome. After alighting, there is a constant restless movement as heads and necks are turned enquiringly this way and that*

To visit the Guillemots' nesting-ledges usually involves a difficult climb, but occasionally small colonies are to be found in more accessible positions. The Guillemots lay their single egg on bare rock, at almost regular intervals on the narrower ledges and in groups where the space is less confined. The eggs vary greatly in colour, ranging from pure white, exceptionally, through every intermediate shade to brilliant deep greens and blues, and, rarely, to brick-red. Some are unmarked, but many are blotched either with dark spots or with intricate scrawls

Kittiwakes are by far the most graceful and confiding of gulls. They nest in colonies which are mostly situated on the exposed outer cliffs of the island, although they are sometimes to be found in one of the more sheltered coves. The darker markings of the immature birds distinguish them from the general dove-grey and white of their parents



Skomer, for the most part, stands sheer out of the sea. At no point can a safe landing be made except in one or other of its two harbours, which, though small, afford good protection. Even in the calmest weather there appears to be a swell from the Atlantic which paints a vivid, white surf-line round the foot of each inlet and rocky headland

From the picture of this serene Oyster-Catcher on her nest it would be exceedingly difficult to imagine her shrill cries and agitated flight at the author's approach only a few moments before

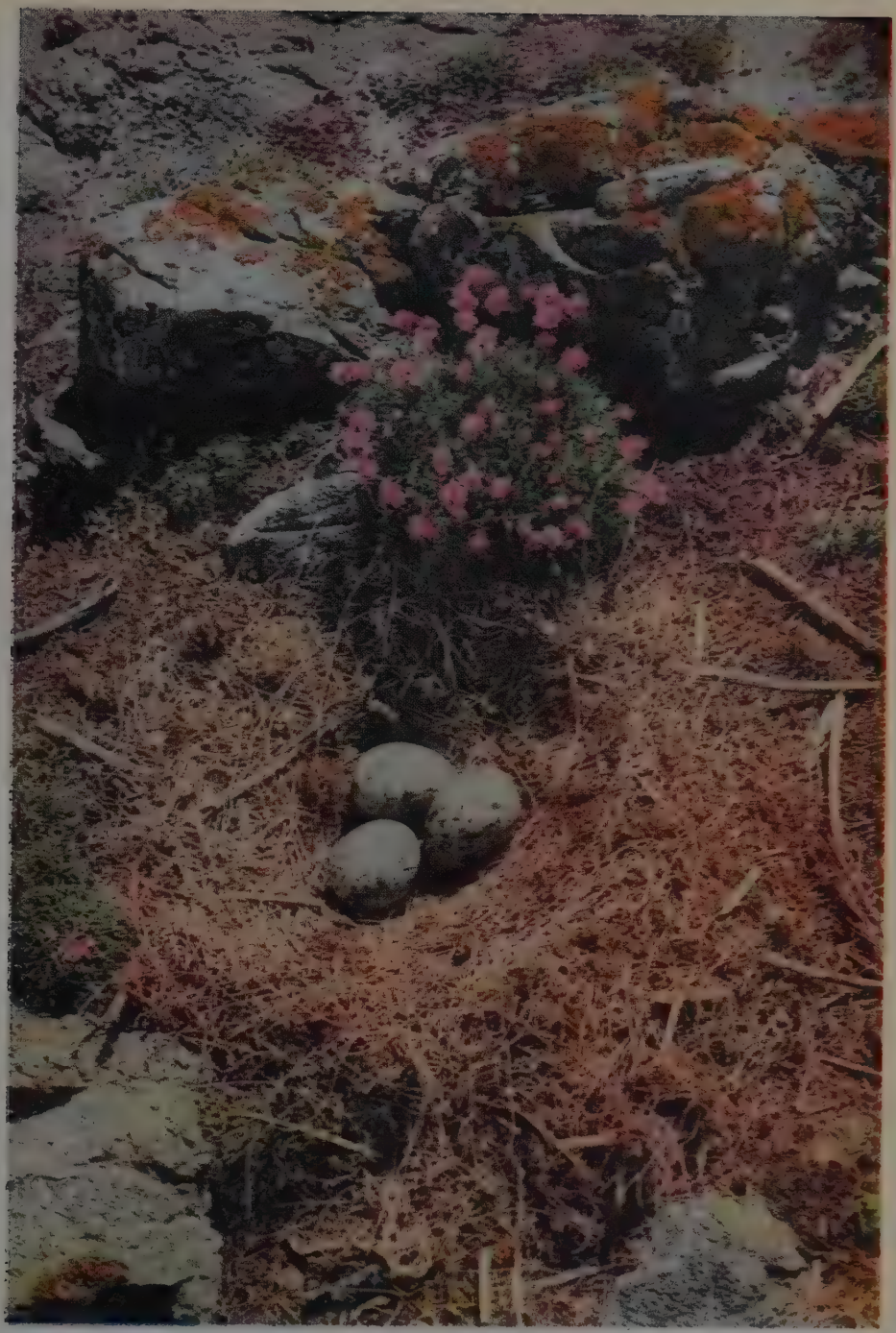
are laid. After the young are hatched and the process of feeding and growing has been going on for some time, the nest often dwindles in size, so that before the young birds take to the wing, they are left with only the most precarious foothold, and constant attention by the parents is needed to avoid fatal results.

Some of the Kittiwakes' nesting colonies are on the exposed outer cliffs, and appear as so many splashes of white against the dark brown-green of the rocks. Frequently they would seem perilously near to being washed by high seas, and this impression is accentuated perhaps by seeing far above them the line upon line of nesting Guillemots on their inaccessible narrow ledges.

A more intimate acquaintance can be made with these most delightful gulls from one of the more sheltered inlets. There is such a one, known as Kittiwake Cove, shaped like a horseshoe, a kind of amphitheatre quarried by nature out of the solid rock, where the closest possible observation can be made of incubation, feeding the young and all the other activities of a breeding colony. In such close proximity the clamour of the Kittiwakes is almost deafening.

There is little distinction to be drawn between the Herring and Lesser Black-backed Gulls, either in their general habits, choice of nesting sites, or even the colour and size of their eggs. In fact more often than not their nesting grounds are side by side, if not overlapping, among the bluebells or patches of bracken. An intruder, wandering among the nests, causes a good deal of aerial activity and is often persistently dive-bombed by the excited birds, and as he leaves, is escorted on his way for some distance.

If these two species of gulls are responsible for some havoc among the defenceless Puffins and Manx Shearwaters, even more is it true of that most rapacious and powerful of birds the Great Black-backed Gull, which unfortunately in numbers that seem ever to increase is responsible for a heavy loss of life among other birds. Unlike the Herring and



The beauty of every corner of Skomer is such that even the most rapacious Great Black-headed Gull finds it hard to avoid making its nest in a setting as exquisite as the one shown above; but only a few feet away on a carpet of flowers lie the scattered remains of the innumerable Shearwaters and Puffins unlucky enough to fall a prey to these gulls

Bluebells as far as the eye can reach, but not a single tree in sight. Many centuries ago Skomer was extensively cultivated, and a number of the old stone boundary walls are still to be observea

Lesser Black-backed they choose solitary nesting sites, which are situated invariably on some commanding outcrop rock. Silhouetted against the sky they appear huge and sinister figures. From these sentinel crags the Great Black-backs wage ceaseless warfare against their prey, as is witnessed by the dried skins and bones of innumerable Shearwaters, Puffins and rabbits, surrounding their territory.

I have so far hardly mentioned the very large Manx Shearwater population of Skomer, one of the best-known breeding grounds in the world of this bird, which comes to dry land only in the nesting season, spending the rest of its life at sea. During the day they are not in evidence, those that are incubating being below ground in their burrows, and the remainder some miles out to sea. At night, however, safe from the gulls, the roamers come back to the island, and the air is filled with their eerie cries.

Another species which nests, but in limited colonies, mostly in the old loose stone walls of which there are many on the island, is the little Storm Petrel, which again is to be seen only at night.

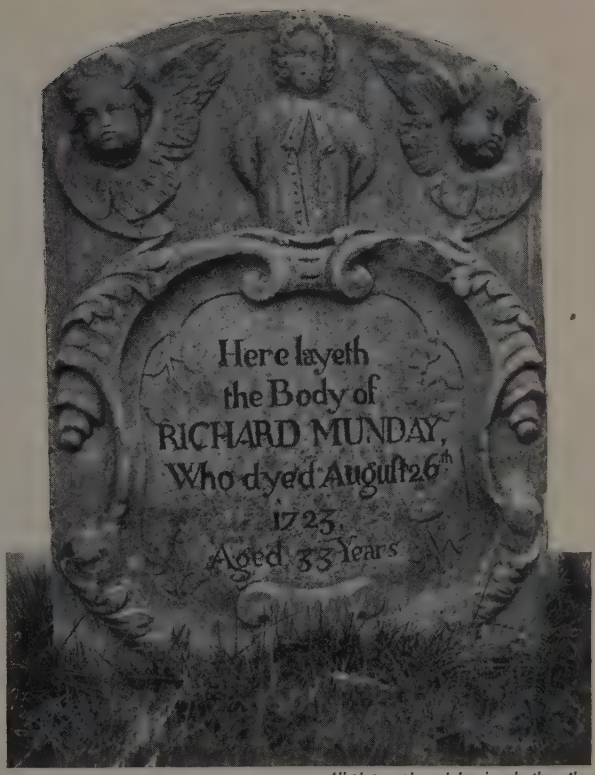
For some years several pairs of Fulmar Petrels have been in occupation of ledges on one of the least accessible headlands and it is most likely that they will establish a breeding colony there before long. This would then for a time mark the southern extremity of their breeding range in its gradual but steady progression down the west coast of the British Isles.

One could mention the names of many other birds which either nest on Skomer or frequent the waters about it, such as the rare Chough, the Short-eared Owl, and the Gannets, which come fishing from a nearby island breeding-haunt; but I have said enough, I think, to show that no matter what angle of Skomer presents itself to the observer, some interesting wild bird or plant will meet his eye, on this enchanted island.

English Churchyard Sculpture

A neglected folk-art

by FREDERICK BURGESS, A.R.C.A.



(Right) *Chinnor, Oxfordshire. 1723. The quiet dignity of much churchyard sculpture is well exemplified by the unison of the classical motifs of cherubs and scroll-work with a depiction of contemporary costume. From the design of the wall-tablets inside churches which he was occasionally called upon to execute, the gravestone-maker borrowed the device of letter-display, transplanting it onto the convenient field offered by the cartouche*

All photographs and drawings by the author

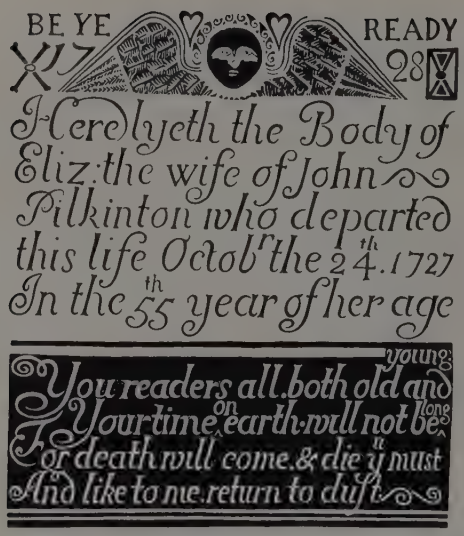
Our English churches bear enduring witness to the skill and energy of native mediaeval masons; and their fabric has been studied with an enthusiasm that is the meet recognition of the genius which created them. Churchyard monuments, on the other hand, have been accorded destruction, neglect and indifference. It is indeed a matter for regret that the local learned societies seem, with but few exceptions, hardly aware of the aesthetic and antiquarian values of this interesting sculpture, an ample field for research which they have allowed to remain fallow.

However, thanks to the enlightened work of the Central Council for the Care of Churches, the average churchyard is no longer unkempt and its monuments are more respected. Much of this carving is beautiful, the labour of skilled craftsmen, familiar with the fashionable art of the "statuaries" (responsible for the more ostentatious monuments to the local "big-wigs" inside the churches); a considerable part of it is naïve, but redeemed, as is the art of children, by astonishing visions, that are not vouchsafed to more sophisticated minds. Only within recent years has this art, the examples of which form our largest body of post-Reformation sculpture, been accorded any value, or have its practitioners begun to be rescued from oblivion.

The form and material of the monuments is as various as that prime agent of English character, the weather. The majority are cut from every variety of stone, usually obeying the general law, that local stone weathers best in its own locality; but there are also the wooden memorials of the Home Counties, the pottery monuments of Staffordshire, and the cast-iron slabs of Sussex and Herefordshire.

They range from the humble boulder, or piece of ashlar, cut with initials, to include such ponderous mausolea as the Fawley tombs, like cromlechs to chieftains of a latter age—happily shrouded in the spring by a covert of wild cherry which flourishes in that remote churchyard of the Chiltern range.

In the Weald, once lurid with the forge-fires, occur slabs of cast-iron. The earliest is at Burwash, to Jhon Colins, 14th century, whose family were still iron-masters in the district in the 16th century; while Wadhurst



Hickling, Nottinghamshire. 1728. This early slate, like many in the Vale of Belvoir, has the conventionalized motifs and rich pattern-quality of a folk-art inspired by wood-carving

has over thirty of these iron ledgers, the designs of which were sometimes duplicated for use as fire-backs.

Probably the oldest remaining wooden graveyard monuments are the mouldering pieces of oak at High Easter and Little Easton, Essex (*c.* 1700). Their successors are the dead-boards, grave-rails, or leaping-boards, ubiquitous in the Home Counties and Sussex, sometimes happily preserved by bequests permitting their periodical repainting, but usually rotten with neglect. It is rare to find one earlier than 1850, and at their present rate of decay the majority will have vanished within fifty years.

The details of some of the stones betray their original wooden origin. In Sussex stone posts support slabs similar to the dead-boards; and in Kent the characteristic floriated brackets of a common type of head-stone suggest that the carpenter, as well as the mason, was engaged in making memorials for the dead.

The quality of the lettering is extraordinarily high; although the letter-forms be uncouth, their arrangement is usually contrived with what seems an unconscious skill. Seventeenth-century inscriptions are usually in capitals; early 18th in an austere Roman hand which develops more freedom as the century advances, blossoms into a maze of curlicues and flourishes, relapses into a neo-Gothic autumn due to the decline of handwriting, and perishes in an arid winter, slain by the fruitless imitation of bastard typographic forms.

The spring and autumn annals of lettering are best seen on the Swithland slates, which occur in thousands throughout Leicestershire and the adjoining counties. The Swithland quarries were exploited towards the end of the 17th century and the earliest slate headstones (1673) are to be found, appropriately enough, in the village churchyard. During the next two hundred years the pits of Swithland and Groby supplied the bulk of the material for the gravestone-cutters of the Midlands. There were literally hundreds of these craftsmen and as many of the slabs are fortunately signed, it is comparatively easy to determine a mason's output and the range of his influence.

One of the most beautiful early designs (of which about 200 examples are to be found thoughout the Vale of Belvoir) probably originated from a workshop at Hickling, Nottinghamshire. The type is to be recognized by its delightful angels, with neatly-coiled hair and triangular wing-spread, and the inscriptions cut in relief, in a technique more apposite to wood than stone, which may indicate that its creators were wood-carvers who took to slate when the quarry-trade opened up.

By the middle of the 18th century the craftsmen had developed a technique of such virtuosity as to resemble metal-engraving; indeed, in certain cases, both trades were practised. One of the most astonishing memorials in this respect is the slate to James Rubins, 1761, at Grantham, signed by Christopher Staveley of Melton Mowbray, probably the son of Stephen Staveley. The father's work belongs to the traditional folk-art style, the son's is pure rococo. Some of the details of the slates are, in contrast, distinctly Gothic, but seem to suggest a familiarity with the mediaeval 'brasses' rather than the contemporary fripperies of Strawberry Hill.

Following the pattern-books produced by the contemporary writing-masters, the craftsmen imitated their labyrinthine calligraphy, until their prowess disguised, rather than revealed, the inscription. Incised arabesques, gouged floriations, the shaping of the slab, figure-panels in relief, reveal the whole gamut of the carver's skill. The imagery used in these medallions is various, but common examples are the widow leaning against an urn; Death taunting the dying man; figures of Faith, Hope, and Father Time; and,

surprisingly enough, emblems of the Passion.

In the early 19th century the carving is still vigorous, and the new typographic forms are adapted to lively decorative use, but after the middle of the century as the slate quarries became exhausted, so does the skill and taste of the workmen decline.

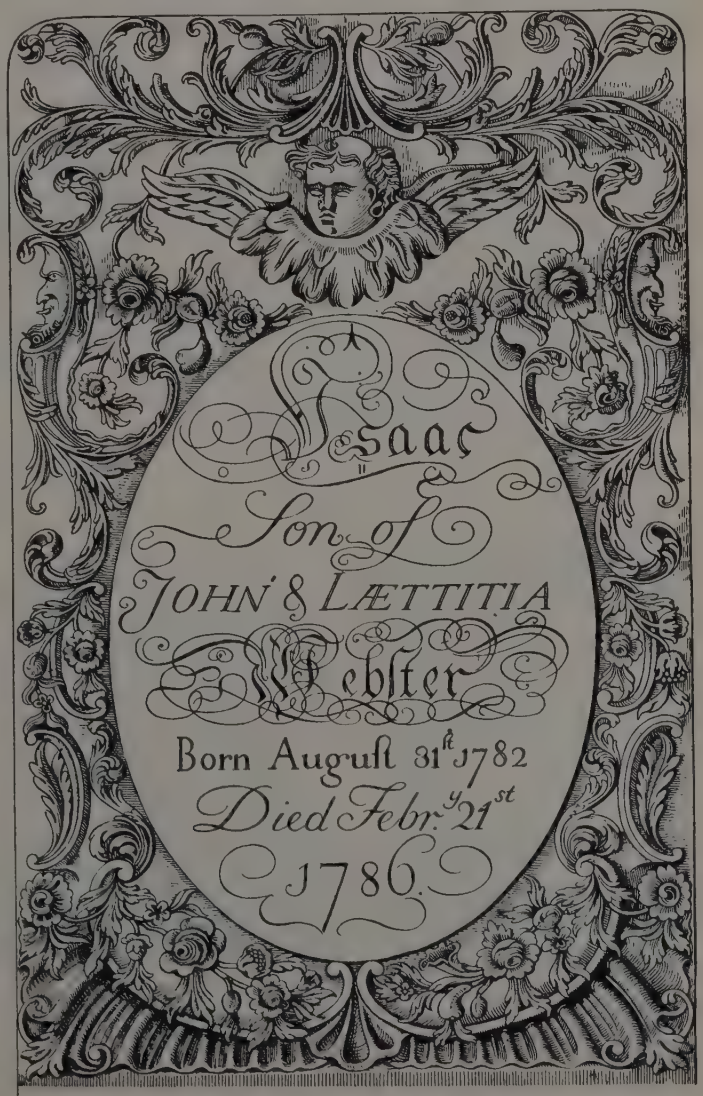
The slates of Cornwall, obtained from the great Delabole quarries, have an even longer established tradition, which has persisted unto the present day. Early lettering and designs are, however, austere compared with the exuberant Midland products, the incised angels' heads are more original and amusing, there is little influence of calligraphy, and the same process of vitiation by typography takes place in the 19th century.

Some of the finest stonemasons' work comes from the great oolite belt. Ketton, Barnack and Ancaster supplied the stone from which emerged such luxuriant designs as those from Deene and Burton Lazars (influenced by the design of interior wall-tablets or engraved title-pages) and Loddington (related to contemporary doorway- and window-heads).

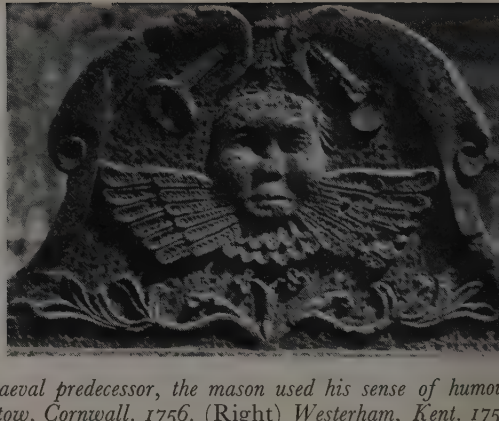
New forms of design were brought to perfection in the Cotswolds, where the cofferlike sarcophagi, and the pedestal- and bale-tombs, are enduring testaments to the vigour and ability of their makers, who included such men as the Bryans, James Castle and James Hamlet. Christopher Kempster, whose house "Kittquarrs" still stands in Burford, his native village, achieved a wider fame, becoming one of Wren's masons.

The generic images typical of the 17th and 18th centuries are emblems of mortality, and the angel's head, signifying the ideas of Death and Resurrection. The variety shown in the individual treatments of such themes is extraordinary, ranging from the completely barbaric masks common on Kentish stones to the most correct of anatomies: whilst the angelic repertoire includes bird-like sprites, Sumerian grandees dressed in feathered flounces, pudding-faced choir-boys, and the most stately of seraphs.

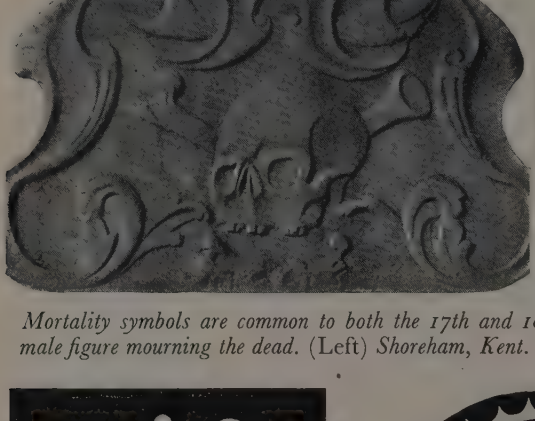
Time is signified by the figure of Chronos, the hourglass, sundial, or candle; Death by Thanatos holding the torch reversed, the snuffed candle, lopped tree or flowers, and

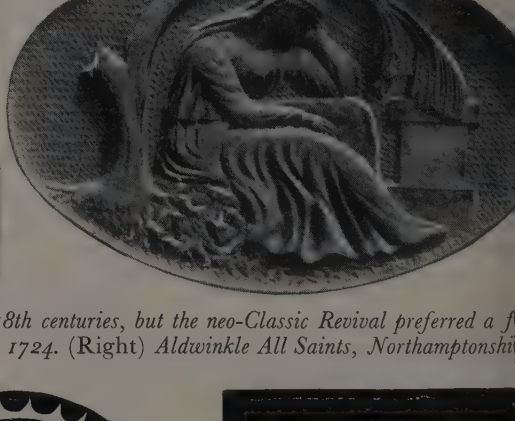


Deene, Northamptonshire. 1786. One of the magnificent rococo memorials in Ketton stone typifying the zenith of technical skill attained by the Midland masons in the later 18th century; in a style as sophisticated and accomplished as that of sculptors of indoor monuments



Contrast of technique in slate and stone. Like his mediaeval predecessor, the mason used his sense of humou and gave his angels varied expressions! (Left) *Michaelstow, Cornwall. 1756.* (Right) *Westerham, Kent. 175*





Mortality symbols are common to both the 17th and 18th centuries, but the neo-Classic Revival preferred a f male figure mourning the dead. (Left) *Shoreham, Kent. 1724.* (Right) *Aldwinkle All Saints, Northamptonshi*

The death's-head as treated on early 18th-century stones in Kent is perhaps more awe-inspiring than any co rectly anatomized memento mori *could be.* (Left) *Offham. 1725.* (Centre) *Westerham. 1732.* (Right) *Beckl*

Wolverton Holy Trinity, Buckinghamshire. 1797. The Cross is most uncommon on gravestones of the 17th and 18th centuries. Not until the Oxford Movement made Gothic the official style was it restored to prominence on the graves of Christians. Along with it came the emblems of the Passion of Christ: the crown of thorns, the cup, the ladder, the sponge, the spear, and the crowing cock

dart; Eternity by the serpent making both ends meet; Eternal life by the Bible and crown of glory; Resurrection by trumpets and palms; Superstition or Pride by the falling tower.

Towards the end of the 18th century, figures of Faith with her cross, Hope with an anchor, and the widow mourning over an urn become common, indeed the urn becomes the main feature of early 19th-century headstones. On stones at St Ives, Huntingdonshire, Olney and Lathbury, a cherub is shown lifting a lid from an urn exposing a *memento mori* within, clear evidence that the crematory significance of the urn was unknown to the country masons responsible.

The Cross is rare and almost half the recorded 18th-century specimens come from that stronghold of Catholicism, the seat of the Throckmortons, Weston Underwood, in Buckinghamshire. The Passion-emblems of Leicestershire have already had mention, but one of the most decorative examples of their use is to be found on a headstone at Wolverton Holy Trinity, on a stone which at the beginning of this century was brightly coloured. The garish polychrome decoration of interior monuments was considered vulgar and becoming unfashionable in the 17th century, but its employment on exterior work continued much later, and was more common than is generally supposed.

Two solitary Crucifixions are to be found at Edburton, Sussex, and Coningsby, Lincolnshire; but until the Gothic Revival, pagan emblems were thought infinitely preferable to those "smacking of Popery".

Gravestone imagery has always been notoriously conservative, yet that most typical of English institutions, the game of cricket, made its contribution to mortuary symbolism. The spirit of "Play up! play up! and play the game" is expressed by the device of the broken wicket, such as Richard Barlow's headstone at Blackpool, inscribed "Bowled at Last".

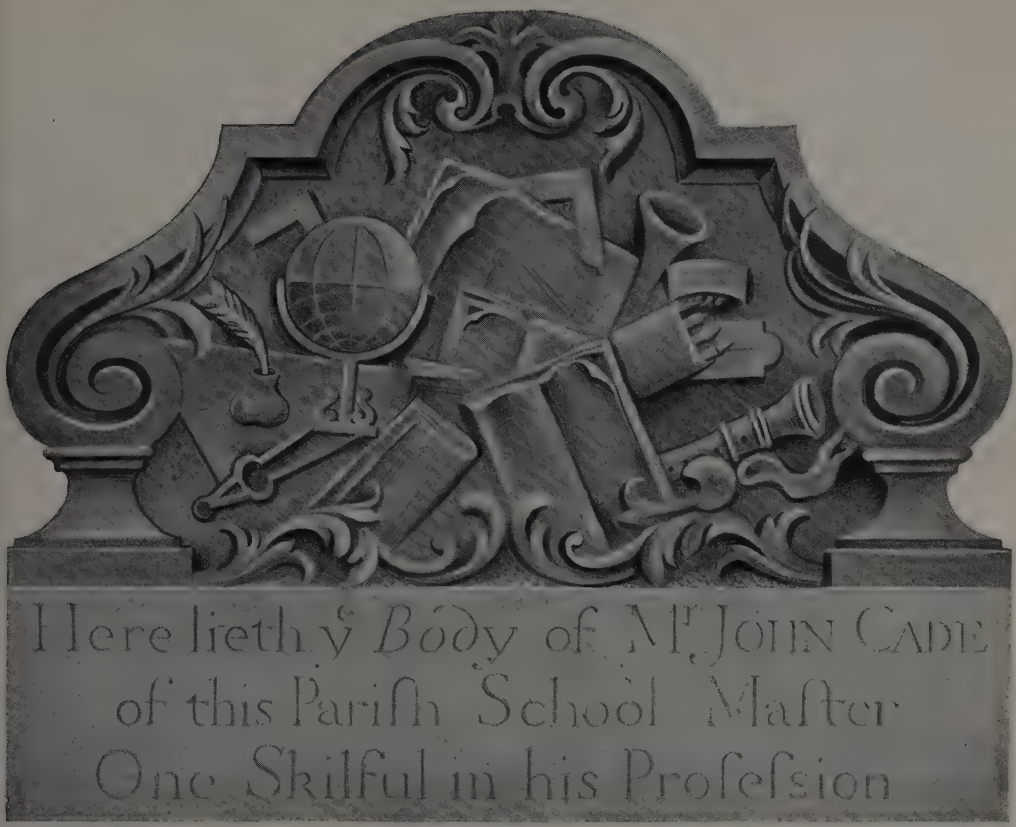
Scriptural scenes, rarely found before the 1770s, are abundant in the southern part of the country, and the rather peculiar choice of subjects may be due to the preaching fervour of the Evangelicals. The most common is the Last Judgement, epitomized by a trumpeting angel or by the dead flinging back their shrouds. The stone at Queenborough resembles a mediaeval doom in its intensity, but is unfortunately badly weathered. Other common subjects are the Sacrifice of Isaac, and the Good Samaritan, particularly

Rothley, Leicestershire. 1794. Apart from examples at Queenborough, Kent, and West Dean, Sussex, probably the finest carving of the Last Judgement, which the mason sited in Swithland churchyard

fine examples of which are to be found in Kent and Sussex, and the Vale of Evesham, where Crisp of Badsey, Hobday of Honeybourne, Ballard of Littleton, Davis of Bidford, and the Laughtons of Cleeve Prior, were among the most prominent masons.

Stones carved with tools of trade or profession continue a tradition which extends back to classical times. A unique box-tomb at Darley Dale, Derbyshire, shows a weaver's implements; and the fine reliefs on Sir Joseph Danvers' tomb at Swithland illustrate his youthful travels to the East and his return home to the peaceful pursuits of a country squire.

The apparatus of husbandry often occurs, including such extinct implements as the flail and winnowing-basket. Pastoral scenes commemorating shepherds are at Sheringham, Lewes and Olney, the latter probably carved by James Andrews, who specialized in a dramatic treatment of death-bed scenes. He was also a painter who taught Cowper drawing, and was christened by the poet "his Michelangelo". The *Agnus Dei*, an emblem that one would have thought to have appealed to the countryman's imagination, is rare; but at Long Melford is a unique treatment of a lamb, stretched as a burnt offering upon a flaming altar. Thomas Mossendew's memorial at Harefield is well known, but a stone to another gamekeeper, at Shrawley, by Samuel Hobday, is a finer carving, resembling a contemporary sporting print.



(Above) *Beckenham, Kent. 1750.* (Below) *Broadwater, Sussex. 1793. John Cade's stone shows the versatility then required of the pedagogue. At Broadwater the dead are called from sea as well as land*

Carpenters (who were usually coffin-makers) are commemorated at Lewes and Cobham, a coach-maker at Codicote, and waggoners (showing the wains which were the chief means of transport for the masons' products) at Bisbrooke and Palgrave.

One of the most elaborate monuments to a soldier is the tomb of Lord Rollo, in St Margaret's, Leicester, bearing panels of slate in high relief showing trophies of arms: one of the best-known, the Grenadier's memorial at Winchester, to one Thomas Thatcher, "who caught his death by drinking cold small beer".

The versatility expected from the contemporary pedagogue is illustrated by the apparatus on John Cade's stone at Beckenham; artist's implements occur at Ipswich; musicians at North Stoneham and Minstead, the latter bearing a "Serpent", that defunct musical instrument once used in the church choir before the days of organs; even the playing-cards of a conjurer at Elton, Durham!

Scenes of shipwreck are common in coastal districts, showing the prevalence of smuggling; stones at Bromsgrove are carved with representations of early railway engines, commemorating the victims of a burst boiler.

Monumental 'freaks' are happily rare, and seldom occur before the 19th century. At Hertford a miller and his wife are commemorated by inscriptions cut upon two millstones, but this is a modest eccentricity compared with Sir Richard Burton's Arab tent at Mortlake; the white-marble pipe-organ at Hampstead; the model of Bramhope Tunnel at Otley; and the monuments at Lawnswood Cemetery, Leeds, which resemble the ostentatious tombs at Père Lachaise or Milan.

Epitaphs require a separate study in themselves. The most popular is the laconic

> As you are now, so once was I,
> As I am now, so shall you be
> with its numerous

variations; which is related to the mediaeval legend of the Quick and the Dead, those three kings who were confronted by representations of themselves in different degrees of decay. The popularity of the emblem-books, such as those by Quarles, is shown in such epitaphs as those beginning "Our life is nothing but a winter's day", and "Life is a city full of crooked streets". There are well-known inscriptions to blacksmiths, clock-makers, and the like, whose occupations are used metaphorically to express the transience of human life. Latin tags are common, and epitaphs in Greek, Hebrew, and even shorthand not unknown.

The men responsible for this wealth of imagery, covering every phase of their contemporary lives, worked both in villages and towns. Sometimes their output was meagre, only to be seen in a dozen or so parishes within a few miles of their workshop; in contrast, some masons were prolific, and had considerable influence. The Hinds of Whetstone Pastures, part-owners of Swithland quarries in the 19th century, were gravestone-makers for over two centuries, and their products are to be found throughout the Midlands: William Charles and John Winfield, both of Wimeswould, are represented by work as far afield as St Nicholas, Deptford, and Bunhill Fields.

Stone-carving is an occupation that tends to be handed down from father to son. The Cornish Mehinnicks produced thirteen masons in five consecutive generations from 1700 to 1869, and there are many masons working today who can trace their mason-ancestry back for several centuries.

Like most English art, churchyard sculpture has drawn the inspiration of its imagery and decoration from two main sources: Classic and Gothic. From the middle of the 19th century onwards, Carrara white-marble, often carved and shipped ready-made to England, has changed the style of our monuments completely. Such memorials represent the last sentimentalized vestiges of the Italian Baroque; their cheapness created a demand, and thus brought about a decline in taste, led to the depreciation of native skill, and sadly reduced the stone industry. However within recent years, owing to the efforts of such public bodies as the British Institute of Industrial Art, the Central Council for the Care of Churches, and The Men of the Stones, a revulsion of feeling is being brought about and carvers are beginning to work again in English stone, using traditional English models. The Guild of Memorial Craftsmen has been formed, whose avowed intent is "to do everything to the best of its ability to raise the standard of memorial design . . . and promote by all suitable means the education and improvement of the public taste for art, and improved design and craftsmanship". This is a great step forward in the history of English masonry. The Guilds of the Middle Ages were responsible for maintaining those high standards of taste and technique that made our art-style one of the most remarkable in Europe. Amid the maelstrom of the present, pride and zeal in work are spars which may prove our salvation.

Silken Sequence : a Story of Japan

Photographs by HORACE BRISTOL

Silk culture is first heard of in China about 2640 B.C., and even then was old. The secret only reached Japan in the 3rd century B.C., just before starting its journey to the West. At the present day by far the greater part of the world commercial supply of raw silk is drawn from Japan. In that country, silk production is surpassed only by rice in value and in the number of agricultural workers employed. This is due firstly to the climate, which permits the growing of varieties of mulberry which bear leaves at different times during the year, thus making it possible to have six crops of silkworms; and secondly to the cheap supply of labour of a very densely populated country. The life-cycle of the Bombyx mori, *the insect which produces silk, runs through four stages: egg, worm, chrysalis, and moth. Almost invariably housed in the homes of farmers, who arrange their lives to please their insect guests, the worms are hatched in time for the mulberry harvests. They may be fed either with cut leaves or with entire branches, fresh branches being added as the previous ones are consumed. This latter method, used by the family shown above, saves a lot of cleaning and is very popular*

The feeding period lasts about forty-two days, during which the worm has four periods of sleep. After the last sleep, it enters on the final feed, when it consumes twenty times its own weight in leaves. It then spins a cocoon around itself, changes its form to a chrysalis, and if unmolested becomes a moth in about two weeks. The moths here seen emerging are to be used for breeding. So that they may not be weakened by working their way out, one end has been cut off the cocoon

The moths are mated immediately. Five to eight hours later, egg-laying begins. The female moths are confined on numbered egg-cards at a temperature of 20° to 25° C. until egg-laying has been completed, a metal form being used to cage each egg-laying moth in a section. Each card records the race of the silkworm and the name of the producer. These moths are bred from eggs developed by recent research aimed at selecting the strains which give the greatest amount of high-quality silk

Most cocoons, however, are not used for breeding: the chrysalis is killed. After being dried and stored, the cocoons are placed in a bowl of water kept at boiling-point, which softens the natural gum and (left) *allows the filaments to be unwound. A single thread is then combined from these and wound onto the reeling machine* (above). *The uniformity of the finished thread depends on the skill of the reelers, who add filaments from cocoons as required to maintain the same diameter*

From the first small reels the silk is wound into skeins which are to be dyed. In the Nishijin factories at Kyoto the skeins are hung over bamboo poles in the dyeing vats. The history of silk-weaving in Kyoto dates back to the founding of the city in A.D. *794. It is now the centre of Japan's finest weaving. In the 16th century, the part of the town where the weavers lived became known as Nishijin (Jap.* nishiki, *brocade)*

After dyeing comes weaving; and in the large silk mills the cloth is woven by machine. This wide expanse of warp threads, being wound onto the large loom beam behind the girl operator, makes up only one inch of warp for cloth to be woven. The threads are drawn from bobbins through adjustable combs, over a rod and through slots of the adjustable reed, then through a succession of progressively finer reeds onto the beam

An appreciable amount of Japanese silk-weaving takes place in the smaller, machineless mills or in the homes of the weavers themselves, and all members of the family help with the work. The unusual saw-tooth pattern of nail-filing adopted by the Nishijin weavers of Kyoto has a purely utilitarian purpose. Warp threads fit between these 'teeth', and the weft thread, loosely inserted, is drawn down to cover the warp completely

Compared with the weaving of cloth, that of tapestry is simple. The warp threads are set out on the loom to the width of the fabric, while the weft threads, which form the pattern, are inserted by hand to cover only the particular space for each colour as required by the design (here a painting of chrysanthemums). This is seldom the work of the weaver; usually it is prepared by an artist of special training and experience

While the woman applies glue size and gold dust to a special type of woven belt, the man behind winds bobbins from spools of silk on the shelves above. These workers, like all Japanese silk-workers, are paid a wage which by Western standards is extremely low, but which the lack of alternative employment makes them glad to accept. Yet, for the rest of the world these low wages added to machine production have meant that silk is now available to all, not merely to the few. Before the war silk was Japan's main export. Earlier, it was crucial in paying for her industrialization, for just when Western machines were required, the Pebrine epidemic almost annihilated European silk production. But now it has to face the competition of the synthetic fibres. Only if Japan is successful in developing strains of silkworms which produce filaments fit to meet exacting modern requirements, both technical and economic, will silk regain its pre-war position

Scouting Spans the World

by COLONEL J. S. WILSON

In the space of a single generation the Scout Movement has become an international force. Colonel Wilson, who has been concerned with this aspect of the Movement for twenty-five years and is now Director of the International Bureau, indicates some of the aims and methods which have led to its world-wide expansion. Among them are a moral purpose; unity on common ground; diversity where free, voluntary growth requires; and regular contact between equal, independent associations

WHEN I went out to India at the end of 1908 to join the Indian Police an aunt gave me a copy of the recently-published *Scouting for Boys* by Lieut.-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, as he was then known. I put it to immediate use. The chapters on Spooring and Stalking encouraged me to study the art as practised by the aboriginal inhabitants of the then Province of Eastern Bengal and Assam. The suggested practices in observation and deduction were incorporated into the training of Police recruits. Many took to them as well and enthusiastically as a few took to the mysteries of the game of Rugby Football. However, our Fifteen, boasting only one other pair of boots besides mine, defeated an all-Sahibs team from Dacca and Naraingunge. In our next home game they broke my leg in their added zeal, and that finished the season.

Eight years later, when I became Senior Deputy Commissioner of Police in Calcutta, *Scouting for Boys* became one of the textbooks at our Police Training College. The Duty Squad never knew what sudden incident they might have to deal with on morning parade —from an unsuspected stranger in their midst to a boy falling out of a mango tree into the 'tank' and shouting for help.

Scouting for Boys, therefore, was not unknown to me when I first joined the Movement in 1917 as an Assistant Scoutmaster in the Old Mission Church Troop. The Troop was very international in its composition and must have contained the blood of six European nations and quite that number of Oriental countries. Most of the boys had never seen their fathers and even some of the mothers must have had doubts as to their identity. It was a good introduction to a hobby which has since become my vocation. It proved to me what has been amply confirmed since—that Scout training can be applied to all kinds and conditions of boys with advantage to them, that Scouting's aims and methods appeal to most countries, if not every country in the world.

We Scout people in Calcutta were at variance with the Government of India which opposed the admission of Indian boys into The Boy Scouts Association. As a Police Officer I was also in disagreement with official policy. A separate Boy Scouts of Bengal was founded along precisely similar lines but with slight variations in badges. Other Scout Movements were also started in other parts of India, notably Mrs Annie Besant's very competent "Indian Boy Scouts Association", mostly in South India. The Chief Scout of the World, then Sir Robert Baden-Powell, visited India in the cold weather of 1920-21 and brought about an amalgamation which subsequently received official approval as a *fait accompli*. Only the *Seva Samiti* Scouts, practically the Youth Movement of the Congress Party, remained separate. At present negotiations are in progress for their modern counterpart, the Hindustan Association, and The Boy Scouts Association in India to be merged together. Incidentally, in Pakistan Scouting is one united movement.

This was my first meeting with B.-P., with whom I was soon to be closely associated until his death twenty years later. We only differed on one point—the use of Fire Brigades to disperse rioters! I could see the potential value of the use of fire hose to cool down dangerous crowds but felt, and still do, that a public service of this character should not be considered as a weapon of the civil power lest public confidence and appreciation be lost. The Calcutta Fire Brigade and the Calcutta Police both helped to train and transport Scouts and enjoyed the opportunity for this more voluntary form of service.

Since I retired prematurely from India in 1923, I have helped to train over 9000 Scout Leaders of some forty different countries at Gilwell Park, the International Scout Training Centre, during the years 1924-39, and have seen Scouts at work and play in thirty-eight countries outside Great Britain. The present tally of countries where Scouting for Boys is allowed as a free, voluntary and independent movement is fifty-two, of which

rnand Perret

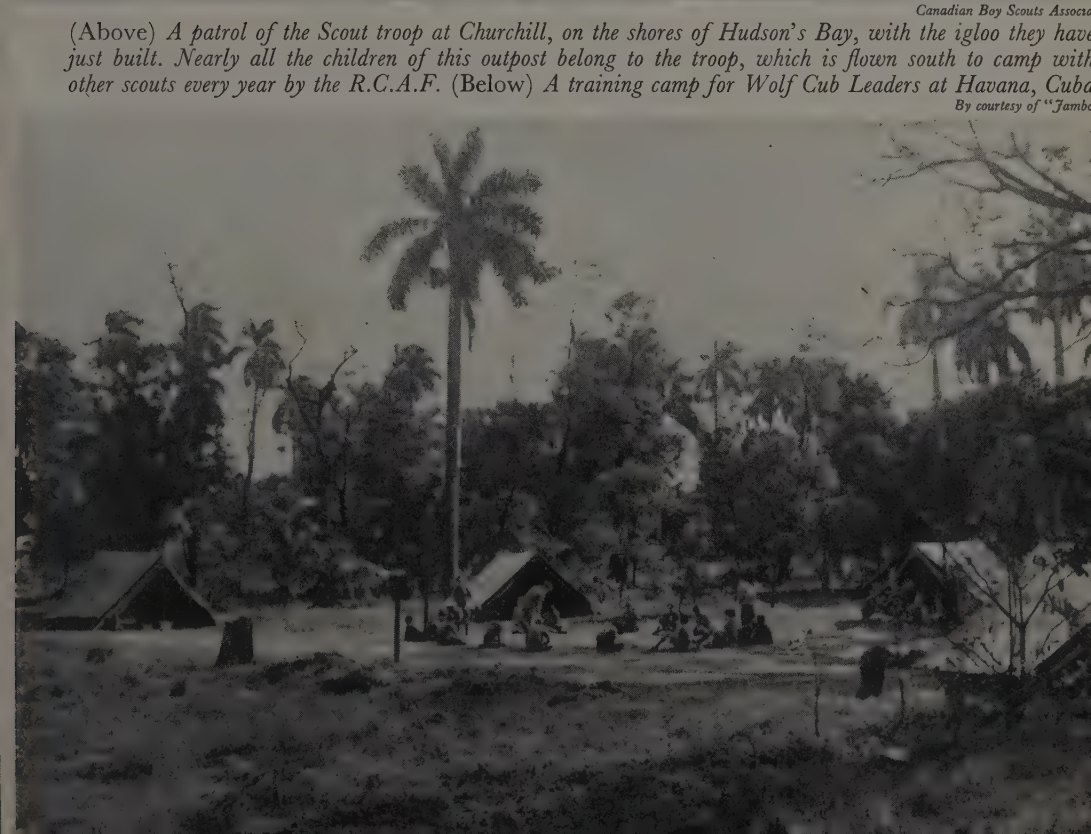
Like the Swiss on a mountain hike (above) *or the Dutch on patrol* (below), *Scouts all over the world develop self-reliance by going out and doing things by themselves, to show that, in the words of a camp-fire song, "Boys can be men as well". The few adults permitted have also to be young—at least in heart!*

illiam Hillcourt

Canadian Boy Scouts Associa

(Above) *A patrol of the Scout troop at Churchill, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, with the igloo they have just built. Nearly all the children of this outpost belong to the troop, which is flown south to camp with other scouts every year by the R.C.A.F.* (Below) *A training camp for Wolf Cub Leaders at Havana, Cuba*

By courtesy of "Jamb



forty-five are registered members of the Boy Scouts International Conference. The other seven are, so to speak, on probation. The Colonies of the British, Dutch and French Empires are not included in these figures. It seems I still have some travelling to do to complete the tally, particularly as in seven of the countries I have previously visited Scouting is not now permitted to exist as such. To state it shortly, the principles of Scouting make it anathema to any form of totalitarian government.

These fundamental principles remain the same in all countries where Scouting is practised. The Scout Promise and Law are similar. There is the same emphasis on activities in the open air—not so peculiar now as it was forty years ago. The same imagery is used. The Patrol of six or eight remains the unit of Scouting for boys of the original Scout age—eleven to, say, seventeen. Emphasis in all countries is laid on the fact that the movement is for boys under the intimate leadership of boys themselves. The following out of that emphasis does vary since it depends mainly on the self-effacement which the adult leaders are prepared to practise. To grown-ups boys are never "the same as they were in our days". That belief goes back to Babylonian times! Lack of trust in the ability and dependability of boys continues to be one of the defects of the adults connected with Scouting. There is still much for them to learn.

Since 1908 Scouting has developed downwards and upwards. Cubs start at the age of eight, Boy Scouts at eleven. A present development, which I confess I cannot myself wholly approve, seeks to turn a Boy Scout into a Senior Scout at the age of fifteen, or in the United States of America at the age of fourteen. Rover Scouts take on from the Scout age of seventeen-and-a-half and stay in most countries until almost any age. Like old soldiers, they "never die: they only fade away". Now, we are seeking to develop Old Scouts as a loosely knit and organized parallel association with the primary purpose for them "to keep alive the spirit of the Scout Promise and Scout Law in their own lives". All this would seem to prove, as its Founder claimed for it, that Scouting is a movement and not an organization.

It is certainly not regimented and regularized for in its detailed administration and practice it differs according to geographical, ethnological, national, social and other characteristics. For instance, when the Boy Scouts of America (U.S.A.) started their Cub programme twenty years ago they were impressed by the need for strengthening family life in the States, and so their Cub-Scout programme is deliberately based on the boys' home life. The basic unit is the Den which meets in one of the Cubs' homes. The "Den Mother" is normally one of the Cubs' mothers. Now their Dads have a place in the picture too and help in many and various ways—and not only at Parents' Meetings.

A problem was propounded as many years ago to the Overseas Department of Imperial Headquarters of the British Association. It came from a Pacific Island: "How should our Scouts wear the badges they earn for proficiency in this or that, as they wear no clothes"? The immediate inclination was to reply, "Tattoo them on their arms". Second thoughts realized that the badges would be difficult to remove if a visiting Commissioner found that their wearer did not have the required proficiency. "Sew them on a belt worn round their waists" was the eventual solution. In the States they use "Merit Badge Sashes" since badges are more numerous there.

In similar fashion B.-P., when he viewed a Rally of Scouts in Glasgow in 1909, suggested that Scottish Scouts should wear the kilt and not shorts. So Scouting has greatly helped the revival of a Scottish home industry.

Weather conditions affect dress and they affect activities. In Northern climes the practice of Winter Scouting is growing apace. Norwegian Scouts practised the *slalom* before it was adopted for national and international ski-ing contests. Canada has several Troops of Eskimo Scouts. There are also Scouts within the Arctic Circle in Alaska, Finland, Norway and Sweden.

Tropical climates do not seem to call for many, if any, differences in Scout activities. Camping may be in shelters of bamboo and palm leaves rather than in tents. The camp may rise with the sun and go to sleep for a couple of hours after midday. Pioneering, tracking, stalking, wide games, hiking are practised just the same as in countries with more temperate weather. The argument continues to be advanced that the main activities of open-air Scouting are unlikely to appeal to those who live close in time and location to the bush and jungle. The experience gained in forty years disproves this. It is not a matter of keeping alive in them 'uncivilized' habits but of preserving natural skills which can still be used as a foundation on which to build character. The machine age is not character-forming nor, necessarily, is 'civilization'—unless its examples and lessons are properly applied and assimilated.

Robert Manson

Some of the Indian contingent at the World Jamboree at Moisson, near Paris, in 1947, studying the programme of trips and excursions soon after their arrival. Partition Day came in the middle of the Jamboree, and the group shown above became part Indian and part Pakistani—but remained brother Scouts

(Left) *Brazilian Scouts, wearing distinctive neckerchiefs, study the camp notice-board. For all formal occasions in all countries with very few exceptions, the "B.-P." hat is standard uniform, but for informal wear a kind of forage cap is sometimes permitted.* (Below) *British Sea Scouts sailed the* Minotaur *across the Channel and up the Seine to take part in the World Jamboree held at Moisson near Paris in 1947. Here she is moored off an island in the river, at one time a Viking strong-point, which was used as the headquarters for all Sea Scouts at the Jamboree*

By courtesy of "Jamboree"

Graphic Photo Unio

Australian Boy Scouts Association

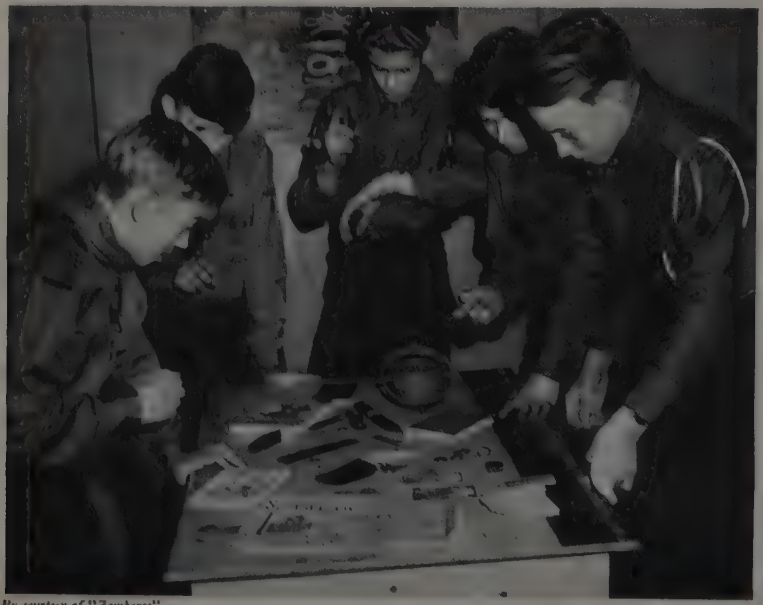
A scene from the Pan-Pacific Jamboree at Yarra-brae near Melbourne at New Year, 1949. Australian Scouts are entertained with the traditional Fijian ceremonial drinking-bowl and Fijian garlands

In much the same way we argued many years ago in India that Kipling's jungle imagery could not be used as the background of the training of Cubs: they lived too close to appreciate or approve it. The small boys themselves had other ideas on the subject. My mind goes back fifteen years to a gathering of Cubs in a village some twenty-five miles from Madras. Eighty of them were collected from fourteen different villages nearby and represented 1600 Cubs in 115 village Packs. I can only quote one or two passages from an appreciation I wrote at the time.

"To begin with, the clearing under the mango trees provided a stage which was in keeping with the jungle atmosphere for which each Cub Pack strives, and which these 115 Packs had so obviously achieved . . . What was the secret of it all? In all these Packs happiness had been achieved; the Cubs took a supreme delight in their Cubbing; it had touched a responsive chord in their hearts; they had to give expression to what they felt. In their homes these Cubs had not much reason for cheerfulness; they were accustomed to dingy surroundings; they had known the indignities that labour can thrust upon those who are too young; they had known want and hunger. Cubbing had given them something else to think of, something to aim at, something to achieve for themselves; they had heard the 'call out into the jungle', and they had responded to it whole-heartedly."

In many other parts of India and Pakistan, particularly in the Punjab, Scouting has been used in schemes of village development and social improvement. I speak of what I have myself seen and heard. In a small mining village almost all the boys in the neighbourhood were either Cubs or Scouts. In a mill area I was told that the Scouts were more useful

William Hallcourt



By courtesy of "Jamboree"

The home of the Scout is 'the great outdoors', but he also develops his faculties inside his hut. Thus, whilst (above) *some Swedish Scouts out in wooded country practise map-reading and route-finding, Icelandic Scouts* (left) *practise Kim's Game. In this observation and memory test, a miscellany of objects are looked at for a short spell so as to be recalled later*

Elevator

The system evolved by Lord Baden-Powell at Gilwell Park, the International Scout Training Centre, is now used by most Scout countries as basic training in Scoutcraft. Here Scout leaders on a wood-badge course in Greece in May 1947 show how advanced rope-work can be used to lower a 'helpless' man down to the ground

than a night-school because they taught their brothers and sisters to read. Another village was inhabited by people of nine separate castes—all represented in the village Troop where the boys were brought together on a common basis.

In Brazil, in 1948, I saw a Community Scout Group which had been the means of uniting a neighbourhood inhabited by people of many different races and conditions. Peter I and Peter II danced to the music of a six-Scout band (banjo, mouth-organ, tambourine-drum, two sticks, two metal tubes, and a rattle). These two eleven-year-olds, whose ancestors came from darkest Africa and who had the gift of miming and improvisation to a high degree, could well have headed the bill at the Palladium.

In a more intensive and intellectual manner Scouting is still used, particularly through the service of Rover Scouts, to secure social improvement even in European countries. Scouting *au milieu populaire* has played its part in the restoration of devastated areas in Belgium, France and Luxembourg.

Finnish Scouts make a feature of winter camping. Two years ago, with the late Count Folke Bernadotte—one of the most sincere Scouts I have known—I visited a large Scout camp in the woods. This was pitched round a frozen lake in the midst of which the flagstaff and rallying-ground had been placed. Ski-ing and woodcraft were the two main activities, but as in a summer camp there were many Scout gadgets to make for tidier and cleaner camping.

In the Northern countries of Europe Scouting seems to have a more intensive appeal to boys and its outdoor activities are given wider scope. Red Indian lore, for instance, seems to have a peculiar appeal to the Danes. There are dangers in this being overdone, perhaps, so that Scouting becomes too much of a game and is used by its leaders as an escape from their ordinary lives. The main aim of the movement is to help to train the characters of boys so that they become good citizens of their neighbourhood and country. Unless this aim is preserved Scouting is of little, if any, value. From the beginning B.-P. enlarged on this basis so that the boys of different communities and countries could have common ground and learn to understand and appreciate each other. This added aim called for the foundation of the Boy Scouts International Conference, meeting biennially, and for World Scout Jamborees and World Rover Moots, meeting at

Another practical experiment in the wood-badge course the "Beaver" patrol of leaders at the First American Gilwell Course making 'coracles', which they subsequently punted across the lake

lliam Hillcourt

William Hillco

"Jamborettes" bring together Scouts from a few neighbouring countries and often build up lasting friendships. Practising first-aid at one in Denmark, Norwegian Scouts use a realistic background

intervals of four years. All the time, however, there is an increasing bulk of Scout correspondence and of Scout visits and camps abroad. After the Second World War these were given greater strength and purpose by the 'Linking-up Scheme' in which a Scout Group in one country links up closely with a Scout Group in another or other countries. It is on this continued and more intimate contact that we depend for a still better understanding of each other in the future.

Scouting, as I have already mentioned, has unfortunately one geographical boundary which in present days it cannot pass. As a free, voluntary and independent movement it is not allowed to exist in countries where some form of totalitarian government is imposed. In many of these countries the Scout spirit still survives, as it did in Italy throughout the Mussolini era. Now Scouting is stronger there than before 1928. We hope the same may happen in other countries similarly circumstanced. Otherwise Scouting knows no division of geography, climate, race, class, or creed; Scouts the world over are very much the same whatever their colour.

As a result of their training many of those who had been Scouts took the lead in Resistance and in underground enterprises during the war. Their Promise of Duty to their Country could be carried out in these as in more open ways. In more peaceful years geographical research has drawn upon Old Scouts for Arctic, Antarctic and other expeditions. I received various wireless messages from the "Kon Tiki" expedition that sailed across the Pacific in 1947 from Peru to the Polynesian Islands. The first message read: "Well on our way in the Humboldt current. All well. Five Scouts on board send you their greetings." The one Swede on the pre-Aztec raft must have been hard put to it to hold his own against the five Norwegian Scouts.

Such are some of the aspects of Scouting. Such are some of the results. It has a world-wide application, although now forbidden in certain countries. Its present active membership amounts to close on five millions. Five times that number of men in the world today must have had something to do with it in their younger days. It is not just a kids' game, but a real force.

Teach Me How To Dig

by SYLVIA MATHESON

We have published many articles about exploration sideways and upwards: this article is about exploration downwards, and backwards into time. Anyone can dig a hole—and thereby perhaps destroy for ever the record of an ancient site. The author shows what skill and exactitude archaeologists require, how they are trained, and by what stages their field operations are conducted

I'd seen the results of archaeological excavations, of course. I had also seen one or two "digs" in progress. But it was not until I discovered for myself some dozen or so "dumbs" or prehistoric mounds in the barren deserts of Kalat State, Baluchistan, that I determined something must really be done about my growing urge for matters archaeological.

In 1947 I had flown back to England with a small, a very small box of potsherds which I had picked up on a dumb at Nushki (Chagai District), Baluchistan. With some diffidence I took these to Sydney Smith and Basil Gray of the British Museum—for all I knew they would merely upbraid me for wasting their time and throw away my sherds. But no; after spending several hours poring over photographs taken of Sir Aurel Stein's finds in the frontier districts, and comparing them with mine, we came to the conclusion that maybe here was something new: something that seemed to point to an ancient, long-lost caravan route between the Euphrates and the great civilizations of Harappa, Taxila, and Mohenjo-daro. Previously it was supposed that the ancient trade route was by sea across the Arabian Ocean to somewhere near Karachi, and overland from there. Now it seemed that there was once an important overland route whose wells have long since dried up.

The pottery was duly presented to the British Museum, I attended some lectures at the Institute of Archaeology and went back to Baluchistan full of new enthusiasm. Professor Gordon Childe was opening an India section at the Institute and asked me to send him anything I found, so this year, when I came home again, it was with a trunk full of sherds I had found on dumbs scattered around the arid valleys and deserts of Kalat State.

But still I hadn't done any actual digging. I had learnt just enough to know that the biggest crime anyone can commit is to dig without knowledge and expert assistance, and so, merely to satisfy one's own curiosity, to destroy for ever the evidence of prehistory. I got home last year just in time to join Professor R. E. Mortimer Wheeler's summer school at Verulamium, St Albans, and here at last I began to learn the rudiments of archaeological field work—I'm learning how to dig.

What goes on at a dig and how does one begin? This summer school actually lasted just over six weeks and some sixty students attended the course, though not all at the same time nor all for the entire period. No student was taken for less than a fortnight, but most stayed for three or four weeks. Nearly all the members of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments came for short periods; there were a number of students from the University of London and several from overseas. Some had considerable experience of digs, both in Great Britain and abroad—others had no experience at all. We were a mere rabble waiting to be disciplined.

Every morning at 8 a.m. the Director (Professor Wheeler), his Assistant (Mrs Mollie Alwyn Cotton) and other members of the staff gathered in the Curator's office to discuss the day's work. At 9 a.m. students arrived—some were camping out in a nearby field, others had found, with much difficulty, lodgings in St Albans and some hardy ones rose at the crack of dawn to travel daily from London.

Pinned up on one of the walls was a schedule showing what lectures were in progress and who was to attend them. Apart from the morning lantern lectures given by Professor Wheeler himself and attended by all students for their first week, other classes were limited to eight or nine students at a time. My schedule for the first week, for instance, consisted of surveying class from 9–10.45 a.m., Dr Wheeler's lecture from 11–12 a.m., lunch from midday to 1 p.m. At 1 p.m. I reported back to the attic above the Museum for pottery drawing till 2.30 or 3 p.m. The last few days we had surveying classes in the afternoons as well as mornings, from 3.30 to 5 p.m.

This schedule obviously left little or no time for digging and it was not until the second week that I went on a site at all. The lectures were intended only as short,

otographs, except one, by the author

Archaeology requires clear and intelligent photographs. At the archaeological summer school conducted by Professor R. E. M. Wheeler at St Albans (where the photographs on this and subsequent pages were taken) the Photographic Instructor, Maurice Cookson, shows students (above) *how to adjust the camera when taking the side of a pit. Theory is followed by practice on some features of a nearby church, and* (right) *the Instructor and Hassan Thabit from the Sudan watch art teacher Joan Evans very professionally hide her head under the cloth*

elementary courses lasting for five or six periods each. During these we learnt the principles of surveying, went out into the field, surveyed an easy meadow with lots of trees for taking convenient offsets and part of a Roman wall standing on a hill. The idea was to give students sufficient knowledge to fix the site of an excavation themselves, if necessary. In the drawing classes we borrowed pots and sherds of different types and periods from the Museum, and were taught how to draw them sectionally for publication.

Dr Wheeler's lectures, attended by a crowd of students who came clumping up the narrow iron staircase wearing heavy field boots and a variety of outfits from shorts to ski-suits, consisted of showing lantern slides in the blacked-out attic, while students sat on packing-cases of pottery and were told, in the Professor's pungent language, how to dig a hole—and more important still, how *not* to dig. After a week of these lectures we made room for a fresh batch of students and ourselves went on to field work.

There was still one more lecture course for me to take, archaeological photography, but as classes were full, I waited until the fourth week before attending these, held by the Institute's own photographer, Maurice B. Cookson. The first lesson was taken during the only thunderstorm we had in the whole dig: it broke so suddenly as to catch most of us down a hole, and we rushed for shelter to a muddy tarpaulin covering a stack of turfs. Here "Cookie", crawling under the tarpaulin in search of errant students, found us at last and summoned us to an impromptu lecture in the Museum.

As in surveying, the theory was given in an initial lecture, and then we went out to try our hands at some practical work. Visitors to the ancient church of St Michael's (built

A photograph of site G taken for the Institute of Archaeology's records. The small stakes in the centre of the earth balks indicate the squares (here ten-foot) which are used as a grid for all digs. In this case the squares were extended to follow the walls of a Roman temple. The site is shown tidied up, though the pits are still being cleaned by students and their schoolboy helpers

Maurice Cookson

(Right) *While the Director, Professor Wheeler, and his Assistant, Mrs Alwyn Cotton, steady the trestle table, Maurice Cookson balances on a box to photograph site G. The neatly-arranged white labels down the sides of the pits indicate the different layers of earth. An essential feature of any excavation is tidiness, and earth from the pits can be seen piled* outside *the fence!*

(Left) *Vassos Karageorghis from Cyprus holds the plumb line and tape measure, while Hassan Thabit takes note of the depth at which a coin was found, indicated with the trowel held by Henry Chalk, (almost decapitated by the lower right-hand edge of the photograph). Exact measurements must be recorded whenever an object is found which may help to date the layer*

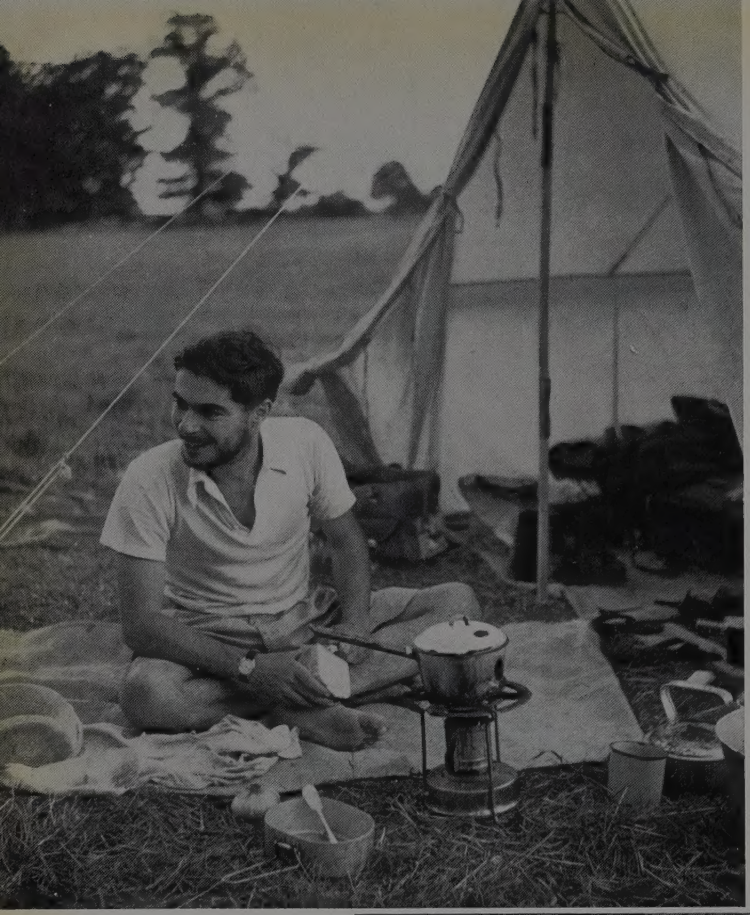
Archaeologists must know at least the rudiments of surveying to enable them to fix the site and to produce an intelligible plan of the excavations. (Above) *Paul Ashbee and Humphrey Case (wearing the ski cap) work as a team, mapping site F.* (Left) *Noel Smith from Jamaica rests on his shovel to watch bearded Raymond Allchin and Hassan Thabit discuss the drawing of a section, also part of site F*

Professor Mortimer Wheeler, who began excavating Verulamium in the 1930s, stands between Judy Philips (nearest the camera) and Joan Evans, while they dig with trowels into the foundations of the wide Roman wall on which they are kneeling. On the last day of the excavations, Joan Evans found the skeleton of a baby which was buried in these foundations nearly two thousand years ago

right over the Forum) came across parties of students in couples, each pair struggling to assemble a plate camera and busily photographing the church from every conceivable angle. "Cookie", ex-R.A.F. photographer, stationed in India during the last war and the only full-time staff archaeological photographer in the country, shows a student how to do a thing and then leaves him to get on with the job himself, learning by trial and error. Agitated cries for help would bring him to the rescue of students who couldn't see a thing through the camera and then discovered they'd forgotten to open the lens or remove the lens hood! Then back to the improvised dark-room over the hockey club's changing-rooms, to develop and print their own plates.

Our first attempt at plate photography was successful for all students but two whose plates were a blank. I'm ashamed to say that I was one of the two, having forgotten to shield my exposed plate from the strong sunlight—a mistake I am unlikely ever to repeat after seeing the disappointed, reproachful face of the lecturer!

We next went on to try our hand at Roman walls and pottery. The end of the course did not see any of us expert photographers (or surveyors or draughtsmen) but it had given us an idea of how to set about the job, how to use instruments and prepare the sites for photography, and the right lines for future study.



Raymond Allchin was one of those attending the archaeological summer school at St Albans who camped out in a nearby field. A pupil at the School of Oriental and African Studies, taking Hindi and Sanskrit, he was stationed during the war in India, where he developed a taste for Indian music and art. He also cooks a tasty curry and hopes eventually to practise archaeology in India

Much of the dull, routine work of washing and marking pottery was carried out by enthusiastic schoolchildren. Angela Thomas has already decided to be an archaeologist when she grows up; here she is, intently marking potsherds, helped by Alfred Jeffries in the middle, and twelve-year-old Alan Conybeare. Other boys helped sift the earth and empty wheelbarrows on the sites

I was in an agony of anticipation when I finally got to the stage of actual digging. We had two sites, F and G. F started humbly enough with two or three squares marked out among the trees in the Vicar's orchard, but it developed into an enormous and very impressive excavation, aided by a mechanical grab, exposing part of the Forum and what are believed to be the foundations of a tremendous monument.

G was far more modest. In the corner of a hockey field (watched anxiously by the secretary of the hockey club) it consisted of half-a-dozen squares, fenced round and, being on a public footpath, watched daily by crowds of local folk, parties of tourists of all nationalities and hordes of small boys, some of whom travelled from London daily to help sort the barrows and empty buckets of earth. I was assigned to G. To begin with it was thought to be a temple, later on we decided it was a villa, but the decision finally swung back to a temple.

Verulamium consists of at least three ancient cities. The first, built by Tasciovanus, was a pre-Roman (Belgic) capital with the royal mint and palaces. Later the capital was moved and Verulamium occupied by the Romans who gave it the high status of a *municipium*, round about A.D. 43. Later still it was attacked and burnt by the Belgic Queen, Boudicca (Boadicea), in A.D. 61, and rebuilt by the Romans. Then came a period of decay and a final burst of rebuilding, before it was gradually deserted.

Even as recently as a couple of hundred years ago there must have been many of the Roman buildings still above ground, although Saxon abbots deliberately destroyed temples and statues and filled in the crypts and the Normans quarried tons of Roman bricks and tiles to build the famous St Alban's abbey, nearby.

Just west of Watling Street (which runs through the middle of Verulamium), near the Forum, is the only Roman theatre found in Britain, first unearthed a hundred years ago and scientifically excavated by Kathleen Kenyon in 1934. That Verulamium should have more such imposing monuments seems highly probable, for the title of municipium was awarded to no other British city and was only given to native communities that were already sizeable, wealthy and cultured.

This then was the rather exciting prospect before us; and whatever I may have felt about the comparatively modern civilizations of Roman Britain, contrasted with my Baluchistan communities some four or five thousand years old, I soon became infected with the general enthusiasm.

G site was under the supervision of Mollie Cotton, responsible for the Silchester excavations of 1939. Under her direction work had already begun and there were three ten-foot squares, one of them a master pit dug by Mr Wedlake, for many years a foreman with Professor Wheeler on other excavations and an expert at his job. This master pit was still going down when I arrived and had so far produced two good squared-off walls, several coins, a quantity of nails and pottery and three distinct burnt layers, including a heavy, burnt layer of corn which contributed to the theory that this was the private granary of a Roman villa, which caught fire and went up in flames.

I was set to dig a new square in company with Vassos Karageorghis from Tricomo, Cyprus, and Fauzi el Fakharani, travelling the world on a seven-year scholarship awarded by the Egyptian Government. The actual site had originally been selected after studying aerial photographs on which plans of Roman roads and buildings had shown up as if drawn on a map. The hot, dry summer had shrivelled the grassland, particularly where it grew in the shallower soil over walls and roads, leaving light lines in the ground. There seemed to be an interesting small building on the corner of the hockey field so we started off on an angle and other ten-foot squares were marked out from this point. Measurements throughout the dig were carefully taken with angles, spirit-levels and plumb-bobs; for even an inch out on the ground will put a whole plan out of gear.

Ten-foot squares were chosen as the most convenient size, and three-foot balks were left between each square; hence the area actually dug in each case was an 8ft. 6 ins. square. In the later stages the site looked rather like a chequer-board and finally some of the intervening balks were pulled down to discover how certain features linked up in communicating pits.

Wooden stakes, painted white and with site numbers and compass points painted on in Indian ink, were driven in at the corners of squares. Nails and pieces of string marked the area to be dug and the turf was cut and lifted and stored ready for replacement after the dig. Then the top layer of soil was removed. This was termed "plus" and the first labels (written in Indian ink because they were left out in wind and rain) were attached to nails and stuck in the north and south walls of the pit (on the other walls too, if features appeared there alone, and not elsewhere). Labels were marked with site

and pit numbers and cardinal points, e.g.: "VER/G, L.iii, (N.1.) Plus".

This and the following layer were unstratified, that is to say, too late and too much disturbed to be of any use in dating finds, so they were dug away quite quickly. One of us would take a pick and loosen the soil, another would shovel it into a barrow and the third would empty the barrow on the dump outside the fence. Quite hot work last summer and blister-making too, for hands unaccustomed to manual labour!

After the first 18 inches or so, we went more carefully. Now we dug a two-foot-wide trial trench running north and south across the pit, and removed the soil in this until the top of the next layer was seen. In this way we could tell what to expect when digging the remainder of the layer: whether it was likely to prove lucrative in the sense of having a quantity of pottery, coins, etc.; whether it was deep or only a shallow layer of an inch or two, needing careful treatment.

Each layer was labelled with numbers and descriptive titles, such as "(S3), Green cheese", "(N5), Split peas", "(S6), Orange clay and charcoal", and entered into a site book kept by the site supervisor, with all details of finds. Small finds such as ornaments, coins or the fine, decorated Samian ware imported by the Romans from the Continent and easily dateable, were left *in situ* while plumb-bobs and tapes were fetched and their exact position in the soil was recorded. Then they were put into envelopes with details of position and a description of the object, the same details entered into the site book, and the objects sent to the laboratory for cleaning and special treatment. Copper and bronze objects usually showed up as bright green in the soil and were often in a crumbly state. As soon, therefore, as a sign of green appeared, picks and shovels were downed, the soil was loosened with knives or trowels and the object lifted out complete with its surrounding earth and sent to the laboratory. All objects, however small, were kept in trays, a separate tray for each layer, and at the end of the day taken to the pottery shed for cleaning and marking.

After about 18 inches, we found the top of our first Roman wall, running from east to west, and then concentrated first on clearing the area to the north of the wall. This proved to be an internal floor with traces of tesselated pavement and painted plaster walls. South of the wall was a foundation trench, filled with clay and dug out separately and given a separate number. Then came a gulley, also dug separately, and next to that a metalled street level.

Foundation trenches and rubbish pits are an awful menace. You are digging quite happily in, say, loose black earth of the 1st century, when you come across a patch of clay or a jumbled mess of light mortar and earth, on the same level, with a coin of the 3rd century. And unless you know what to expect it can be quite worrying. What has happened is that some time not earlier than the 3rd century, someone came along and decided to build a new wall, say, and for this purpose dug a foundation trench which cut through the earlier layers to the depth of the 1st-century building. The new wall was built, the foundation trench filled in with old rubble and clay, and in the process some Roman workman dropped a coin from his purse—Romans seem to have been most conveniently careless in losing coins, especially in the muddy streets where it was altogether too much trouble to search through the muck for a lost coin.

Alternatively, someone in the 3rd century may have wanted to use the flints and bricks of earlier buildings and robbed the early walls, leaving only the foundations; or he may just have dug a hole to bury his rubbish—a whole heap of oyster shells, broken pots, etc. The effect is the same. You find later objects on the same level as earlier ones, but if you noticed while you were digging (and archaeology seems to be largely a matter of careful observation and intelligent interpretation, mixed with a certain amount of imagination), you should have seen that you were digging into a 'robber' trench at the time.

After it was all over, we had the somewhat heart-breaking task of filling in the holes and returfing them; but not before detailed plans had been made of the site, and the strata of each pit drawn in section.

That, then, is a somewhat generalized account of what goes on in the course of a dig. The system varies of course, according to local conditions, but the principle is the same.

Many students at Verulamium were university graduates on a full-time, two-year course, studying for an Institute of Archaeology Diploma. For myself, full-time archaeology is not possible just now, but this summer school has taught me sufficient to inspire me to take courses of lectures and study whenever I have the opportunity. And who knows, one day I may be able to return to Baluchistan and conduct my own excavations in that little-known part of the world.